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KOKOSING TRIBE.

Old Men.
CUYAHOGA.
KILLIKOMIC.
MALKATAIMISHEKIAKIAK.
POWHATAN.
SUNTHETA.

Old Warriors.
CHINGACHGOOK.
EESHAKONEE.
KOKOKOHO.
OSCEOLA.
WAWANOA.

Braves.
CHIBIABOS.
JOCKOSOT.
JOOWAROOWA.
MIANTONOME.
MUDJEKEEWIS.
PAUPUKKEEWIS.
SCIOTA.
SOANGETAHA.
SUSQUESUS.
TUSCARAWAS.
UNCAS.
UNGQUE.

SEVEN NIGHT HAWKS.

"PER FAS AUT NEFAS."
H. M. BLACKALLER,
Grand High Cock A Low Rum.

HENRY S. MITCHELL,
Creper.

J. FRANKLIN OHL.

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1859.

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Kenyon Reveille.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Winter has suddenly made its appearance, encroaching in its haste upon the rights of Autumn. Ere the sad days of November had departed the fallen snow and whistling winds told of the storm-king's presence. Though cold and dreary without, the warmth dispensed by a bright fire, makes all within comfortable. We, nicely ensconced in a large arm chair before one of those old-fashioned stoves wherein is a crackling, roaring fire, forget the storm and cold. These old-fashioned stoves are especially to be preferred on account of their beauty of shape and elegance of structure. We apprehend that the modern stove-makers would demur to their receiving the appellation of stoves and declare it a misnomer. True there is not much similarity between them and some of those drawing-room ornaments which are used as warming utensils, yet for solidity and permanency of appearance as well as for comfort, we are inclined to award them the precedence. The legs were doubtless intended to be ornamental. The gracefulness and exactness of the curves could only have been attained by one acquainted with the arches of the Roman Temples or the parabolas of Analytics. The same shape was given to the entrance through which for convenience it is customary to thrust the wood. The piece of iron which acts in lieu of a door was intended for a square, but owing to the fact that two of the sides were longer than the others, this idea was given up. For the sake of the draft a hole of hyperbolic shape was cut in the above mentioned piece of iron. We need not enter upon a minute description of the stove proper, suffice it to say that it is of a box shape and made strictly in accordance with the rules of Mathematics. From these facts we may be enabled to understand why it is that there are so many of them now in use. They materially aid the student of Mathematics since they afford an ever-present ocular demonstration of the truth of theories advanced in Analytics. This is merely a suggestion thrown out casually which it is hoped will not be taken as the true explanation without a careful consideration upon the part of our readers.

It was about a week ago that we discovered something very peculiar in reference to this old stove. Directly after supper we entered our room and drew up close to the fire as is our custom. Having lighted our cigar, we leaned back on our chair, smoking and meditating; soon the stove commenced to murmur and in a few moments we discovered that it was soliloquizing. We listened attentively and found that the past was the subject of its thoughts. We interrupted it by asking several questions. Startled by the human voice, it at first kept silent. But after some persuasion it gave a satisfactory reply. It stated that it had passed through many exciting scenes and had witnessed the playing of many a

practical joke. Having inquired for a mention of some of them, we received the following answer:—"Many years ago several valorous Seniors formed a court for purpose of trying innocent Freshmen and unsuspecting Subs. The solemn appearance of the presiding judge and the determined expression of countenance which attached itself to the sheriff were calculated to strike terror into the fearful. It was a wintry night, after I had been filled with a great quantity of fuel, that the court concluded to hold a session in the Philosophical recitation room. The judge, jury, lawyers and officers, all concealed by appropriate masques took their places at the appointed time. A Freshman was the criminal presented for trial, the sheriff led the accused before the solemn conclave. The judge with great impressiveness asked several questions, the Freshman refused to answer them. The court, indignant, ordered him to be punished for contempt. An officer clothed in a long white garment drew near to execute the command. But Freshie, determined not to submit, drew pistols from his pockets and prepared to fire them. A sudden change was effected in the conduct of all present. The judge leaped from his chair without adjourning the court. All made a headlong rush for the door. Tables were upset, chairs were broken, lights were extinguished, masques were thrown aside, all was confusion and turmoil. They hurried to the stairs and plunged down. The judge stumbled and fell, and he became a stumbling-block to a number of others. This was great amusement for me, and my old iron-sides almost split with excessive laughter." Here the stove rested and after reflecting for a moment commenced the following:—"The Faculty once employed a tutor who was in the habit of searching student's pockets when anything suspected was supposed to be there contained. A Junior concluded to break the Tute of this annoying practice. Several friends were invited to take a social game of cards. He filled me with a great quantity of fuel, which kindled, created a very hot fire. A pan containing mush was placed upon my back. It soon became thoroughly heated. When the step of the Tutor was recognized, the Junior emptied the contents into his coat pocket. As the Tutor entered he saw him concealing the cards about his person. 'I have you now,' he shouted, and thrust his hand to the bottom of the prepared pocket. He drew it out more quickly than he put it in, and paroxysms of pain he leaped around, shrieking in a very undignified and untutored manner." Here, as if the scene was again being enacted, the old stove began to laugh, it was entirely unable to proceed and finish the story. It is however stated that the above mentioned Tutor was ever after suspicious of cards and coat pockets and hot mush. We can not enumerate the stories which this wonderful stove related. It told of the packings of recitation rooms and Chapel, the accidents of the bell rope and clapper, the smoking out of Freshmen, and the piling of furniture in rooms. It appeared especially indignant at the perpetrators of the last-mentioned offence since, as it declared, it had received very many serious injuries in the operation. The Bourbon family too, came in for a share of mention. The old stove told of the rise and fall of that illustrious race. It dwelt pathetically upon their sufferings, misfortune and ruin. It could scarcely contain its grief as it stated that all were gone save one. He alone remains, the sole survivor of his unfortunate friends.

Neither were the "Seven Wise Men" forgotten. It disclosed the minutes of meeting of this Grecian-like conclave held in the laboratory. We are very much tempted to discover the facts mentioned. But as the stove required a pledge of secrecy we are

in honor bound not to disclose them. We then made inquires in reference to the "Reveille." Either the old stove knew nothing about it or else it had grown weary of talking certain it is that no efforts on our part could induce it to enter upon another conversation. We were therefore compelled recur to history or tradition in order to learn the fact. Two years ago a number of Seniors conceived the idea of editing a college paper. The idea was no sooner suggested than it was acted upon. In a short time the Reveille possessing the unavoidable imperfections of a trial number was given to the public. The succeeding class preferring a catalogue omitted to publish a paper. A portion of the present senior imitating the example of their predecessors have now given to the world a second number of the Reveille. May it succeed in rousing our successors to action.

KENYON.

It is in the nature of a student to eulogize his Alma Mater. As he loves the home where childhood's happy hours were spent, so he cherishes with ardent affection the home where his youthful mind is schooled. Kenyon is such a home. Around its hearth-stone are gathered many fond recollections of joyous hopes and earnest lookings forward into the dim future, which have crept over the mind of the way-worn student, as he has bent over the classic page of the poets of Greece and Rome, or attempted to solve the hidden mysteries of philosophy and science. Beyond the dear confines of his barely furnished room, he has looked out into the great world and in reverie over his cigar, has dreamed out his "life to come"—perhaps it was bright—perhaps it was shrouded with the mists of doubt and uncertainty. But it is not of these sunlights and shadows of student life, that we are to speak, it is of the prosperity which has of late dawned upon our own "Old Kenyon."

When science, with never tiring step, penetrated into the western wilds of hill and forest, she reared this temple in the wilderness—she placed her chosen priests to officiate at her altars—many came to pay their homage at her shrine, and receive her blessing at her hand. Time passed. Fickle Fortune showered, with bountiful hand, her gifts upon her, and as in childhood all is bright, so the early days of Kenyon passed without a cloud to darken her horizon. But as the weight of years pressed heavy upon her shoulders, "the melancholy days" of waning prosperity came—the fires upon her altars were dying out—the priest still performed his sad but chosen duty, but they were few who came to learn from him that lesson of life, which it was his office to impart. The patrons of Kenyon mourned over the fate, to which she had been called, but, in dull apathy, they allowed her to fall, without extending a hand to aid her, or to raise her again to her lost position. Years came and and passed away, and still the hopes of Kenyon lay crushed beneath the foot of destiny. Nothing seemed to be attempted for her by her friends. Her name was all she possessed.

But within the past few years, like Phoenix, she has arisen from the ashes of her former greatness, to recommence the race for superiority over her sister institutions. During her decline, these had been increasing in strength and influence and she has had a strong arm against which to contend. But it is with pride that her devoted sons have seen her emerge from the gloom, which had enveloped her and stand forth before the world, the acknowledged rival of those who had attempted to tarnish her once fair name.

We have now a Kenyon of which we may boast, and that too without empty pride. She needs no encomium upon her charac-

ter, she may, with propriety, adopt the motto of her Senior Class "Spectemur Agendo." In point of thoroughness in instruction she has no equal in the west. Her chosen officers are men qualified for the highest position in their respective departments, and her sons are such as she may well be proud of. She now stands far in advance of all her rivals—all seem to be sinking into obscurity before the growing fame of our Alma Mater. Not like the meteor that shoots across the sky, casting a brilliant light over the heavens, and there leaving us in a more intense night, but like the growing brightness of the sun, will Kenyon be, to drape in light the tangled pathway up the hill of science. Onward! is the watchword by which she is now guided. She no longer looks back, and takes with faltering step her advancing position, but like a queen she now sits enthroned, with the crown of acknowledged superiority placed upon her brow by the united consent of the world. Yale and the institutions of the favored east may look to their laurels, for there is a young giant in the west, rising in all his strength, who will take away from them their cherished greatness, and leave them nothing but the semblance of a name. Kenyon's early days were bright—her youth dark—and the hopes of her old-age are rendered illustrious with a halo of glorious light.

KENYON COLLEGIAN.

In the December No. of this Monthly the Editors offer the following Prospectus:—

In bringing the Second Volume of the COLLEGIAN to a close, the Editors take pleasure in announcing that the success which has hitherto attended its publication, and the interest which the Students generally have continued to manifest towards it, are such as to warrant its immediate enlargement. Each number, therefore, commencing with that for January, 1858, will contain *forty-eight*, instead of thirty-two pages, making 432 pages per volume, instead of 288 as heretofore.

The subscription price will be \$2.00 per volume, payable in advance.

It is our intention to improve the Magazine not only in *quantity* but also in *quality* of matter. The additional pages will afford room for greater *variety*, as well as for such articles of permanent value as have hitherto, on account of their length, been necessarily excluded. We invite contributions on all subjects of interest to Students, and we would especially solicit such as are local in their character, and sprightly and humorous in style. Anonymous communications, if such as to meet the approbation of the Editors, will be published. We trust that the change proposed will commend itself to the approval of our friends, and that the increased effort to make the COLLEGIAN the repository of a choice and healthful literature, as well as of a complete record of all current events in the history of our Alma Mater, will be warmly seconded by those for whom we cater.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

Rev. A. PROSY BORE, d. d. Bos., &c.

Rector of St. Vitus's Church.

DEAR SIR: Your Pastoral Charge having contributed much to the edification of your hearers we (according to your request?) solicit the same for publication.

Yours &c.

I. CHURCH SLEEPY.

B. CUTICLE PIETY.

Committee of Vestry

MESSRS. SLEEPY AND PIETY.

SIRS: Your letter was perused by my carnal nature with feelings of pleasure while spirituality shrieked out "all is vanity." I have upon this trying occasion beseeched aid and am now thoroughly convinced that vain, worldly pride doth not in this matter exercise its baneful sin contaminating influence, I therefore transmit my very feeble

incubation, hoping that any humble effort of mine may accomplish some very diminutive good, I remain as ever

Your affectionate Pastor,

A. PROSY BORE.

SERMON.

Preached in St. Vitus' Church, by its esteemed Rector, Rev. A. Prosy Bore, d. d., Bos.

And they loved—GAL(L)ATIANS 25: 20.

Our text is brief but expressive. It cannot but touch a responsive chord in every heart—a chord over which delightful symphonies dance with ecstatic joy. It speaks in thunder tones with a voice melliflously low. It glances with meteoric splendor through the portals of the soul, lighting up each cranny with flashing scintillations of brilliancy. It causes a feeling such as passes through the organic frame when an acuted piece of materialized substance comes in close proximity with the armative elbow's most extended point. But to our text—and they loved. To a Hebrew scholar the word *and* is fraught with terrible significance. It here evidently connects the text with something that has gone before. In the Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopian, Sepoy and Hottentot dialects as well as most other conjunctions, imply joining together a putting in the neighborhood, a stationing side by side, a union. Hence my hearers will evidently appreciate the applicability of the word to the present subject—an applicability which proves that the taste and scholarship of the writer are beyond cavil. And they loved—union follows love. A remark might here be made with respect to the position of the orthographed letters in question. In foreign languages the most important word is generally in the most important place. Now the first is such a place, hence "And," though it implies a consequence of the next two words (following in the glorious dialect of Albion's historic soil the idiomatic construction of Abraham's mother's tongue,) stands first. Let us next enquire of whom it is written. And they loved. To ascertain this with precision and certainty we must refer to the book from which our text is taken. It will be readily conceded I think, that those are mentioned in a volume of whom that volume treats—thus if we glance into a library and find there a History of England we conclude that most of the remarks in that book have reference to England. Now the volume from which we have extracted a few words for this morning's elucidation is styled Gal(l)atians and by a parity of reasoning we conclude that it treats of Galls, hence if this be true when we therein discover the words "they loved" we cannot but infer that Galls and they are synonymous terms. Thirdly, allow me to direct your attention to what is predicated of the Galls, and they loved—loved what an incarnation of sound!—what a gal-axy of letters!—a deluge of laughter in a half-born smile—an infinite sublunary vault full of thunder in a whisper—seventeen solar systems in the concentrated rays of an expiring candles last faint flickering dying shadow on the wall. And they loved, oh Brethren and Sisters—yes Brethren and Sisters we may conceive that they loved heartily, loved continually—but whom did they love? Human nature in antique days was the same as it is now. Whom do the persons mentioned in the text now love? Ah! I read the answer written in red characters on the face of many damsels before me. Yea verily they then as they do at the present day, loved the boys. The text may therefore be paraphrased thus, And the Galls loved the boys heartily and continually.

Suffer my beloved friends a few words of exhortation and I am done. I address two classes of hearers, those who love and those who don't. To the first the text affords rich consolation because they are

conscious of doing what is enjoined as a general principle applicable as well to future generations as to the particular gals mentioned. Continue steadfast old maids! veteran sinners to you the text must be pregnant with with terror. Perhaps you say you are too aged—that the words “they loved” do not apply to you but consider what right have you to affirm that the word “they” does not embrace the ancient as well as the modern?—it does it means old as well as young galls. Again you may object that it would be exceedingly improper for you to love boys and that manner mock the freshness of juvenility with false teeth, hypocritical hair and artificial complexion, reflect—have you any authority for assuming that the term boys does not embrace the old as well as the young? old maids! Ice-bergian remnants of propped up nature there are old boys and the text enjoins upon you love deep ardent fiery impassioned love towards them. And they loved. Sisters all do thou likewise and perennial smile of delighted joy will become the squatter sovereign of your features.

POEM.

What the Smoker saith to the Gambier Public.

“I sing the sweets I know, the joys I feel;”
So runs the rhyme of one of our great bards;
So runs mine too, and in my fiery zeal,
No modesty my Pegasus retards,
So now I'll just present my best regards,
To the poor, patient, hackneyed, ancient muse,
Hoping the dame will bless the theme, I choose.

Old Barlow surnamed Joel, not “our Bill,”
Sang of his “hasty pudding,” He confessed
It was a homely subject, yet the will
With which he took it, was the very best,
’Twas to our warmest sentiments addressed
And satisfies us better than the cant,
In which our modern poets love to rant.

I sing Tobacco, Oh ye Gambier belles,
Ye patterns all of haughty grace and beauty,
Dont cast aside the rhyme, because it tells
Of matters which you deem a solemn duty
To scowl at, but if the thing dont suit ye
Just think what could poor bashful devils do
For consolation, when they dont know you.

’Tis sweet, (they say,) to sit beside a maid
In lovely Autumn, or delightful June,
Her hand in yours, so gently, softly laid
That scarce she seems to note the precious boon,
She has conferred. The stars or silvery moon
Perhaps smile on you, and you feel a passion
Which all have felt, each in his time and fashion.

’Tis sweet to talk in whispers about things,
That makes the blood rush fiercely through the heart,
The minutes take their flight on gentle wings,
The place and hour a holiness impart,
While from their lids the tears unconscious start,
’Tis man’s best noblest impulses that rule,
And lead him pliant to a tender school.

But then suppose that sentiment so fine,
Should “meet a crusher,” some fine day or other,
Ensuppose you get a slight. Could you resign
Yourself to fate, and all this feeling smother?
Aye there’s the rub—it would be quite a bother.
You’ll find the grandest remedy by far
In the enchantment of a nice cigar.

Tobacco! Bless the Ocean Shepherd’s weed
For giving us such quiet, dreamy pleasure,
May James, the anti-smoker ne’er be freed
From toothache, heartache, aching without measure,
May sprites ne’er leave to him one hour of leisure,
From Purgatory’s sin correcting pains,
As long as such mean prejudice remains.

Tobacco! many a quiet, peaceful hour
Has been my lot when thou a curling mist
Displaying in thyself, a magic power,
Hast called up forms, whose kindly tones are missed

While far from them;—whose smile could well assist
My feeble will. Encourage me e’en now,
When thy blue wreaths are curling round my brow.

While dreaming on fine evening in my chair,
Of days when Gods and Goddesses might deign
To come among us from their realms of air,
Our earthly forms, and characters to feign,
(And prove themselves at best, not very sane,)
I thought from out the cupboard there arose,
A misty form. My hot blood straitway froze.

I’ve heard of suicide by doleful men
I’ve felt quite frequently a nervous fright,
Read tales that cause the feather of my pen
E’en while I mention of these now endite
Erect to stand from chilling fear outright.
But no such matter could with this compare,
Nor would I wish such sight again to dare.

But when the mist was cleared away, there stood,
Not the black ruler of the realms below,
But sage Minerva, that blue stocking prude
Who watched o’er Athens centuries ago,
She first essayed her Grecian nose to blow,
A brilliant cotton handkerchief displaying,
Wise saws of Economic Franklin’s saying.

Then taking off her helmet, somewhat rusted
By age, she placed the pictured rag within it,
And pulling out a short, black pipe, she dusted
The ashes out, and with a placid grin, it
Filled with Tobacco, and for one short minute,
Held to the pipe a burning mass of coal
Until a fragrant circle crowned the bowl.

She took an easy pleasant sort of seat
And lolling back with all a loafer’s grace,
Placed on the stove, her dainty sandalled feet,
And turned on me the vision of her face,
And glances of a haughty sparkling brace
Of eyes. I was, I well may say astounded
By such strange improprieties confounded.

The owl, (I hadn’t noticed it before,)
Perched on the looking glass and glared at me,
Until the perspiration flowed from every pore,
Of my poor trembling body. I couldn’t see
Why such a fearful visitor should be,
Mine to receive. For never had before,
A feminine sought entrance at my door.

She looked at me, and like the crow in story,
I looked at her, until we both were tired,
For my part, I felt noways amatory
Nor e’er sentiment of love desired,
Besides at her the darts of Cupid ne’er were fired.
And about ugly fellows such as I am,
Fair dames and Goddesses dont care a dam.

She broke the silence with a silvery voice,
And spake the following in Classic Greek,
Which I thus paraphrase! “Young man rejoice,
Nor e’er a better boon companion seek,
Than him who loves the social, quiet, meek
Tobacco. ’Tis a friend true and sincere,
If all has failed you that you hold as dear.”

Of course it was expressed in better phrase
Than I have rendered it. But still the sense
Is just the same. Enough ’twas to the praise
Of humble smokers. The Greek accidence
Was very fine. The sound dont vary much
From what is now considered the low Dutch.

She raised her helmet with a graceful bow,
Polished, for scholar of so old a school
Of manners, and displayed a lofty brow,
That showed quite plainly she was made to rule
The mind, then tripping lightly o’er a pool
Of juice, she vanished from my wondering sight,
In the old cupboards, dismal, ghostly light.

I sat unmoved until the wee sma’ hours
Began to tell of missing morning prayers.
Alas! that in this wicked world the flowers
Of pleasure oft are mingled with the tares,
But thus each soul in joy and sorrow fares,
And sorrow comes like a pale warning spirit.
To call us back from heaven itself or near it.

I went to bed of course and dreamed all night,
Of pretty damsels clothed in ancient mail,
Of dimpling smiles divine, eyes sparkling bright,
Until the rainy morning cold and pale
Called me from misty dreamland’s boundries
frail.

I rose and like the “wedding guest” began
To be “not sadder but a wiser man.”



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Is still a tailor by trade,
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Can’t be denied, though upbraid
Many may.
John so gay,
With words very wise and exceedingly staid.
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For a thread of song runs through the woof
Of his gentle being.
That Johnny can make and Johnny can mend
My muse she approves without any amend-
ment. He’s some with the needle and great with
the thimble
And can give one fits, be he clumsy or nimble.

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